As our best mouing faire soliciter:
Tell him, the Daughter of the King of France
On serious businesse craning quicke dispatch,
Importunous personall conference with his grace.
Haste, signifie so much while we attende,
Like humble visage Suters his high will.
Boy. Proud of imployment, willingly I go. *Exit Boy.*
Prince. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so:
Who are the Votaries my louing Lordes, that are vowfellowes with this vertuous Duke?
Lor. Longauill is one.
Princ. Know you the man?
1. *Lady.* I know him Maddame at a marriage feast,
Betweene L. *Perigort* and the bewtious heire
Of *Iaques Fauconbridge* solemnized.
In *Normandie* saw I this *Longauill*,
A man of soueraigne peerelesse he is esteemd:
Well fitted in artes, glorious in armes:
Nothing becoms him ill that he would well.
The onely soyle of his fayre vertues glose,
If vertues glose will staine with any soyle,
Is a sharpe Wit matcht with too blunt a Will:
Whose edge hath power to cut whose will still wils,
It should none spare, that come within his power.
Prin. Some merrie mocking Lord belike, is't so?
Lad. They say so most, that most his humors know.
Prin. Such short liued wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?
2. *Lad.* The young *Dumaine*, a well accomplisht youth,
Of all that Vertue loue, for Vertue loued.
Most power to do most harme, least knowing ill:
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke *Alansoes* once,
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report to his great worthines.
3. *Lad.* An other of these Studentes at that time,
Was there with him, if I haue heard a trueth.